

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

SOCIETY'S DIVORCE RECORD

— DIVORCED YESTERDAY —

ROCKSLEY FROM ROCKSLEY

VAN SWELL " VAN SWELL
TINIT " WRIGHTINIT— MARRIED TO-DAY —

ROCKSLEY TO VAN SWELL

VAN SWELL " WRIGHTINIT
TINIT " ROCKSLEY

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A FOOLISH REQUEST.

THE CHURCH.—I am powerless in this matter. Can't you help me out by making it unfashionable?
 SOCIETY.—How absurd! It adds spice to life and just suits me!



RANK IMPERTINENCE.

LADY.—I hear there is a new baby at your house! Is it a boy or a girl?

BOY (*disgustedly*).—Well, say! — have you got de nerve ter interrupt dis game in de seventh inning ter ask such a question as dat?

BARE-FACED.

HUSBAND (*as wife shows him new bathing-suit*).—Surely, you have n't got the face to wear that?

WIFE (*sweetly*).—Perhaps not; — but I 've got the figure!

AN INQUIRY.

BROWN.—Yes; he 's an English friend of mine who is making a tour of the United States. He considers us a wonderful people — an amazing people.

JONES.—Oh! of course! But, say, he did n't have to come all the way from London to find that out, did he?

PERPETUAL MOTION.

BRIGGS.—It makes me uneasy to owe a cent.

GRIGGS.—I 'm glad that I don't feel that way.

BRIGGS.—Why?

GRIGGS.—I 'd have the St. Vitus dance.

NOT IN A HURRY.

STRANGER.—This town is going ahead, is n't it?

NATIVE.—Yes; but I don't think it 'll ever be arrested for scorching.

HIS DREAM.

JIMMY.—Of course I 'd rather be Dewey than Jeffries!

TOMMY.—Yes; but if a feller could only be both of 'em!

ALL HE ASKED.

"Only as friends."

It would seem as if in a moment she who had been a young, timid and shrinking girl was transformed into a daring and resolute woman, and as Miss Goldslathers stood before him in all the majesty of her beauty, even Philip Shortpurse, brave as he was, quailed under her powerful glance.

"When I say," she repeated, "that we can meet, hereafter, only as friends, I would have you know the true reason. I find that the management of my vast estates entails responsibilities which, woman though I am, I may not shirk. My father left me his all that I might worthily take his place, and I can not now be false to the trust imposed upon me. Matrimony would not do. It would take my mind away from the proper investment of my papa's millions. No! No! do not tempt me."

While she had been speaking, Philip Shortpurse, with that lightning-like rapidity of thought which was his chief characteristic, had seized upon the only alternative.

"Miss Goldslathers," he said, "I would indeed be a brute if I did not fully appreciate the delicacy of your position; but will you grant me one favor?"

"I should be only too happy," replied his fair companion, "to do all in my power as a friend."

"Then listen," said her undismayed lover. "In two years from now, by hard study, I can be admitted to the bar. If I can not be your husband, let me, at least, be your lawyer."

Tom Masson.

SHE KNEW CHARLEY.

MAUDE.—Charley threatened to kiss me last night and I told him if he did I 'd scream.

ETHEL.—Did anyone hear you?

WORST OF ALL.

TOWNE.—So you don't like the suburbs, eh? What do you miss most out there?

NEWSUBB.—Trains!

A GOOD WORD FOR JOHN.

"What did that man want?"

"He wanted a correction made."

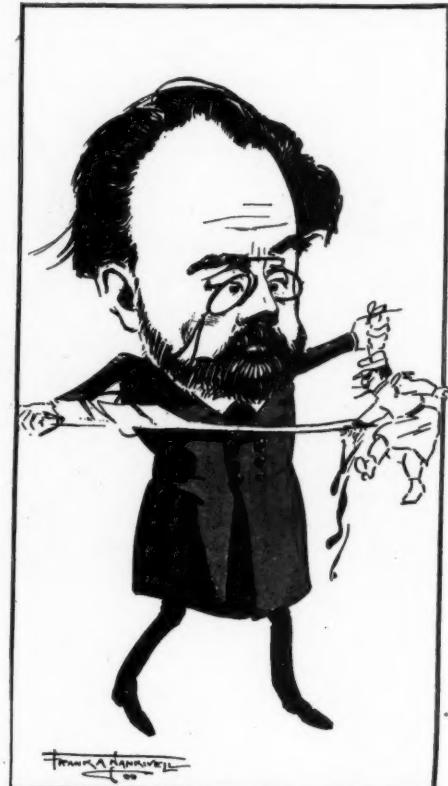
"Did he leave his address?"

"No; he did n't want to."

"All right; make the correction."

CORRECTION.—"John Smith wishes it stated that he is not the John Smith who was sued for board by his landlady."

THE PEOPLE who can't see a joke are not half so exasperating as those who do see it but don't think much of it.



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PUCKOGRAPHS.—X.

ONE MAN WHOSE PEN HAS PROVED MIGHTIER THAN A WHOLE LOT OF SWORDS.



THE NAUGHTY CAT.

NCE THERE was a little cat
Who would n't go to bed,
No matter what her mother did
Or what her mother said.

The more they tried to coax her,
The more she just declared
She would n't, could n't shut her eyes,
And then she sat and stared.

They put her in a basket
And they carried her away,
And what became of that bad cat
I would n't like to say!

Carolyn Wells.

A TALE OF TWO CUTS.

"And what," haughtily demanded the fluffy beauty, "have you done to merit my recognition?"

His eyes met hers with conscious pride.

"Perhaps you have noticed the man in golf advertisements, who stands three ways at once and nonchalantly strikes the ball two miles and a quarter?"

She nodded assent.

"I am the man!"

He expected her to bow low, but she only curled her lip the tighter.

"Possibly you care to know who I am?" she murmured.

"I do, indeed," he replied, somewhat anxiously.

"I am the pen-and-ink girl who rides a bicycle, attired in a long skirt with seven hundred and ninety-eight flounces, without ever catching it in the chain or spokes!"

He lay prostrate at her feet, while extending to her the large gold medal presented to him by the Pictorial Impossibility Club.

Wallace D. Vincent.

HIS WAY.

MRS. HOON.—Dr. Coffin brings in some very large bills, does n't he?

HOON.—Yes; he usually charges five dollars per guess.

IF YOU are shrewd enough to respect the shrewdness of the man with whom you are dealing, there is a chance that you might come out ahead.

WOULD HAVE SUITED HIM.

JIMMY.—I wish I'd a-been one of Noah's sons.

SISTER.—Why?

JIMMY.—Just think of spendin' forty days in such a corkin' old menagerie as that!

UNPOPULAR.

"I see that Secker is a candidate for Congress up in your district. Has he much show?"

"Show? He has just about as much show as an automobile agent in a livery-stable."

REVISING IT FOR PUBLICATION.

CLERK.—This man writes that he feels ten per cent. better since he began to take our remedy.

PATENT MEDICINE MAN.—H'm!—evidently a clerical error;—he meant one hundred per cent. Correct it accordingly and have the letter published.

THE WORM TURNS.

"We got in a new stock of paper, ink and type about a month ago," wrote the editor of the Midvale *Clarion*, in a sarcastic mood, "and the type-foundry people have written us that our thirty days is up and they must have that cabbage promised them or they will draw on us at sight. The ink manufacturer curtly notifies us that it costs turnips to run his business and that he must have his dues, or he will take decisive steps to raise them. The paper firm, with whom, in an optimistic moment, we had previously opened an account that is still ajar, asks us how in the demnitition bow-wows we expect it to pay hands, rent, gas bills, etc., without onions to do it with. Now, we lay these facts before our subscribers, and it rests with them whether the *Clarion* shall continue to raise its voice in behalf of the people of Midvale, or whether it shall sink into oblivion through the merciless demands of city plutocrats. There is a vegetable repository connected with the office."



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MIGHT PRECIPITATE MATTERS.

DAUGHTER.—That's Jessie Jennings and her admirer. I think she'll marry him.
MOTHER.—Her parents are opposed to the match, are they not?

DAUGHTER.—Yes; but they are afraid to oppose it.

HIS HUE.

ASKINGTON.—Is young Lanks, the poet, generally read?

TELLER.—No; he is generally blue because he is not read.

A GOOD MANY people who think they are nervous are really only irritable.

PUCK.

THE VIEWS OF VIOLA.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF PARENTS.



T'S SO VERY, very exasperating," said Viola, as she clasped her hands together in her lap and gazed perplexedly at a passing ice-wagon.

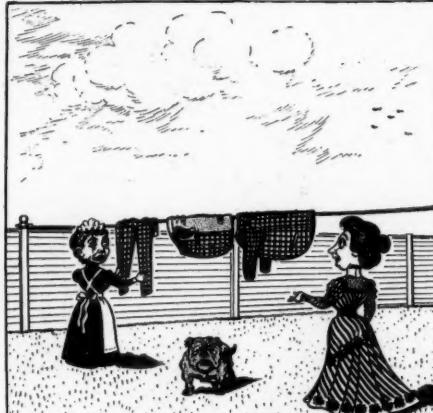
"You see, Papa thinks Lake George is the nearest thing to Paradise that exists. He likes it because a lot of his stupid old cronies go there every Summer and sit around on the hotel porches and talk about "Burlington" and "Consolidated Coal," and "Erie First preferred"—whatever they may be—and trot in every few minutes and play with that little ticker thing—that keeps pushing out paper ribbon, you know; and then, in the evening they play whist until two o'clock in the morning. He says he gets fidgety anywhere else and wants to get back to his office; and, of course, Mama wants him to stay away from business as much as possible.

"But if she had her way we'd all go trotting up to Bar Harbor. Mama thinks Bar Harbor is the site of the original Garden of Eden and a sort of Seventh Heaven of Delight all rolled into one. It's really just because she does n't have to dress up until three o'clock, you know. And Mama says that Bar Harbor is the only place where she feels Perfectly Restful. Mama is forever talking about Perfect Rest, as though it was a sort of Eighth Commandment! Though where the rest comes in up there I don't see, for it's just a tiresome round of picnics—don't you *detest* picnics?—and boating parties, and walking parties, and buckboard parties, and excursions to everywhere, and canoe races, and—and—hops! Oh, dear! there are hops every night; and sometimes they have them in the morning.

"If I had my choice? There's no hope of that, I fear. Well, if I had, we'd go to Beverly. Oh! Beverly is heavenly! So so rest—so quiet and—and thoughtful, you know. There are so many lovely Boston persons there. Don't you love Boston people? Oh! I do. They are so intellectual and keep one up to the mark, somehow. I mean one has no chance to be just—just *ordinary* when one is with a Boston person. There's such a lovely Mr. Newbury from Boston there; he has a cottage and—and gives such delightfully intellectual dances and lunches.

"You never heard of an intellectual dance?

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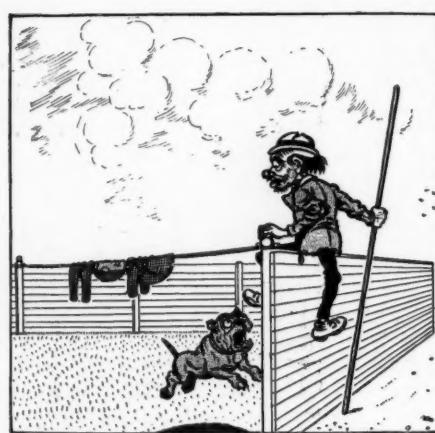


I.
MRS. SUBBUBS.—No, Bridget, don't take them in. I want them to get as much sun as possible before I put them away in the camphor chest. Yes; I know we are all going out and the house will be closed for four hours, but no one will dare to come in the yard with that dog on guard.

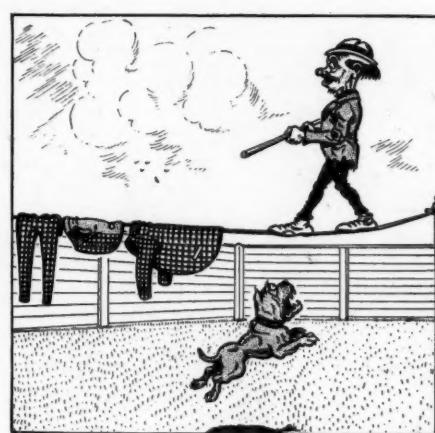
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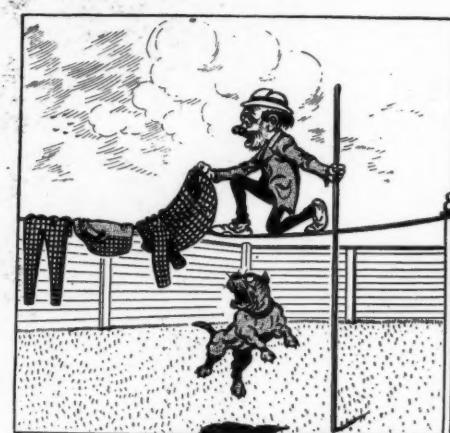
II.
FRAYED FAGIN.—Oh! jes' look at dat dere full outfit; an' jes' about my size, too! If dat ain't tantalizin'! So near an' yet so far, 'cause of dat man-eatin' dog.



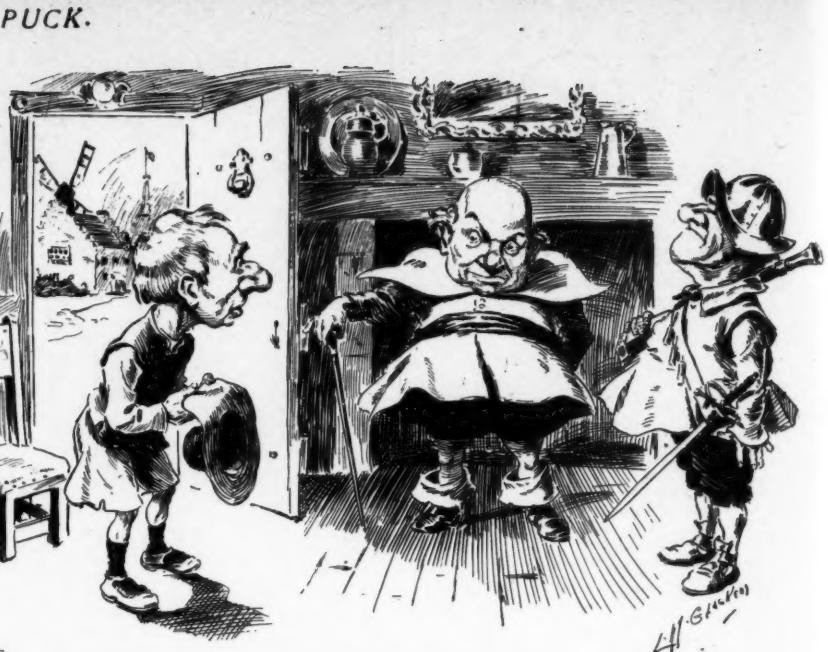
III.
"By Jinks! I wonder if I've lost me nerve. If I hain't and dat clothes line holds out I kin git dem wearables. Dat's all right, doggie; yer can't reach me!"



IV.
"Yes; dat rope's better 'n many I used when I traveled wid Barnum. Steady! Steady!"



V.
"Oh, yes! me canine fr'en', I used to do more difficult stunts dan dis. Ah! here's de coat all right! Steady!"



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IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

CITIZEN.—My arrest was a mistake, Mynheer! I was as sober as a judge.

MAGISTRATE.—Possibly, my friend—possibly. There are judges and judges—and they are not always on the bench.

There's a great deal in Beverly that you have probably never heard of." Viola drew her lips tightly together and looked properly disdainful over the pretensions of a Gothamite to know anything beyond the distance between the Battery and Harlem Bridge, or the correct cab-fare from the Hoffman House to Koster & Bial's. "Anyway, they're fine! Such an atmosphere, too! Foggy? Don't be absurd! I mean the—the intellectual atmosphere.

"Do? Oh, there are whist parties and reading circles, and then there are teas and dinners, you know; and they choose some particular subject to be discussed, like 'Hawthorne' or 'Goethe' or 'George Moore,' and you read up on it beforehand, you know. And then, of course"—Viola's voice took on an apologetic tone,—"there is driving and tennis and sailing and things like that; but they're not thought much of. They waste one's time so.

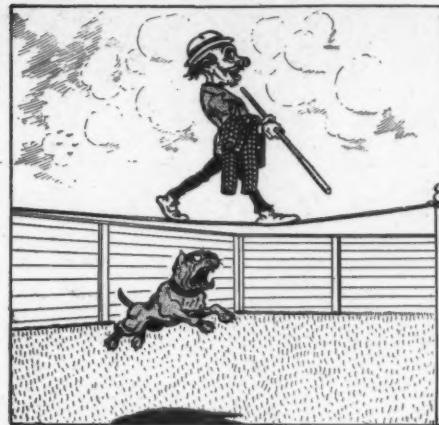
"But Papa says Beverly is as 'dull as ditchwater,' and Mama

PUCK.



VI.

"An' here's de vest, an' here's de pants!"



VII.

"Now, all aboard for de Hobo Air Line! Good-day, doggie!"



VIII.

"Say, dat ole profession of mine served me in great shape dis day! Say, dey 'll not do a t'ing to dat dog when de people up to dat house come home! Oh! ain't I a sport?"

does n't like the — the people. You see, Mama does n't care a great deal for intellectuality and culture. 'Good for her?' Nothing of the sort! I fear she does n't think enough of such things. But there's no use thinking of Beverly. It's sure to be either Lake George or Bar Harbor.

"Oh, dear! parents are such unmanageable creatures. They're forever insisting upon you doing things that you don't want 'for your own good.' Don't you hate to have people do things 'for your own good?' And Papa is sure to say that I must go to Lake George with him 'for my own good,' and Mama is certain to tell me that Bar Harbor agrees with me so perfectly that we must n't consider any other place this Summer. I wonder why children don't retaliate? Why can't I insist on going to Beverly for Papa's and Mama's good? I'm sure it is so lovely and quiet that it would benefit them after such a hard Winter. Have you noticed

that Mama is not looking at all well? I'm certain it must be from over-excitement," added Viola, gravely.

"And then Papa has liver again. Oh, I know! I'll consult Doctor Wells and get him to prescribe 'the bracing sea-breezes of the North Shore of Massachusetts.' And if he has to go to the North Shore, Papa had just as leave be at Beverly, I'm sure. And Mama will have to go, too. And that will be lovely!"

Viola dropped her embroidery and leaned forward confidentially with a flush of triumph on her cheeks.

"Do you know, I believe we could get along much better with our parents if we tried. I believe that parents should be *managed!* I don't believe it is right that they should do all the managing. And, besides, it must be very, very harmful to them to allow them everything they want. You know, parents say it does children good to be denied little things. Well, why not parents, too?

"Is n't it an idea? And so I'm going to deny Papa Lake George, and Mama Bar Harbor; for their own good, you know!"

"And, of course, you'll come down and stay with us awhile, won't you? 'Mr. Newbury?' Now, please don't be horrid! Mr. Newbury is very charming, and thoughtful, and — 'Intellectual bore?' Indeed, he is not! And you must not call him names — at least in my presence. He is a *very* dear friend, and — Must you go? Well, won't you wait just a moment while I scribble a line and ask about rooms at Beverly? You might mail it at the office, you know.

You 'won't?' You hope I'll not get to Beverly? Well! Of all *mean* — Indeed, I'll not shake hands!"

Viola's countenance was stern and unforgiving. Her eyes — but can one ever be certain about a woman's eyes? Were hers really mischievously smiling, or —

"Good-afternoon!" said Viola.
Richard Stillman Powell.

CONCEALING PROPERTY.

FIRST ORIENTAL.—Did you ever meet up with such nerve as Abdul Ben Googoo can show on occasion?

SECOND ORIENTAL.—What's he been doing now?

FIRST ORIENTAL.—Why, he made affidavit to the assessors that he had only three wives!

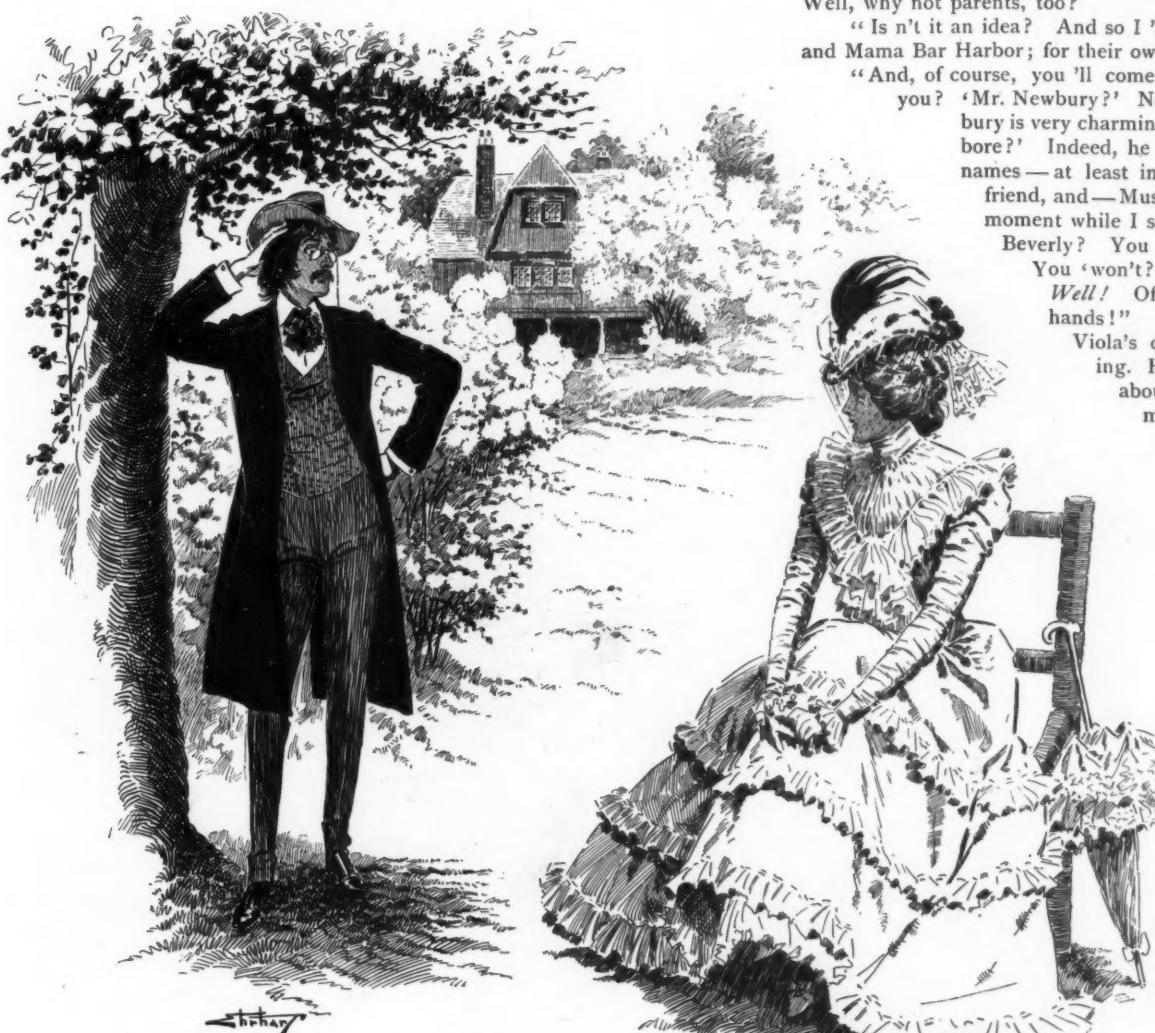
SOCIAL AMBITION.

ISAACS.—I don't care for such t'ings, but my wife is crazy to be vun of dem soziet leaters.

COHENSTEIN.—Vot does she vant to do?

ISAACS.—Vell, she would like to form vun of dem excluded sets.

THE MILLENNIUM, like many other good things, will have to be earned before we get it.



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HARD TO BELIEVE.

POET.—A poet's finest thoughts are never sung, you know.

MISS GUSHER.—Why, the idea! I think the words of some of those negro songs are simply grand!



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STARTLING IMPROVEMENT.

ETHEL.—So you are improving in your betting?
PERCY.—Vawstly;—I played a horse to-day that ran "third."

A GROWING TOWN.



HERE 's a tumult down in Podunk
As the time is coming round
When the busy census-taker
At his labors will be found;
For the town has grown immensely
And its wondrous size must show
To its many envious neighbors
How a rising town should grow.

The vagrants who in former times
Were sent upon their ways,
Are hauled before the city court
And given countless days;
Their keep is quite expensive,
But a score of men or so
Help a town to show its neighbors
How a rising place should grow.

They are seeking Summer boarders
In a most persistent way;
And the guests are really getting now
The things for which they pay;
'T is hard to turn a victim free
When he is well in tow,
But the place must 'show its rivals
How a rising town should grow.

They have paid for six camp-meetings
And the circus will come down
And open its performance
While the census man 's in town;
They have postponed several lynchings,
Even though their horses go,
For every human being helps
A rising town to grow.
Chas. M. Bryan.

IN HARLEM.

TEACHER.—What do you understand by
"a necessary evil?"
PUPIL.—A janitor.

IT IS awful hard to get people to pay any
attention to us when we are telling them
things for their own good.

UNCLE BILL ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

Some close-fisted men die of the grip.
Don't be over-confident when there's
a woman around.

He who laughs at his troubles soon
has nothing to laugh at.

The fellow who'd rather beat a carpet
than his dog-tax is n't human.

It does n't pay to be too forward,
especially in a head-end collision.

The man who thinks he knows it all
should get his five-year-old nephew to
ask him about it.

Don't let your doctor be your creditor;
he may take a notion that your heirs are
better pay.

Some men don't know enough to
pound sand, and others have n't the
sand to pound away until they know
something.

The man who likes to appear in the
height of fashion when he's walking in
the valley of financial ruin is n't necessarily a philosopher.

Bob Halde.

ALL THAT'S NECESSARY.

BIKER.—Are the bicyclists in London required to carry bells and lamps?

WHEELER (*after his trip*).—No;
only fog-horns.

THE DIFFERENCE between an acquaintance
and a friend is that an acquaintance
seldom feels at liberty to tell us, for our own
good, things that he knows we don't want to hear.



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THEY CONFER.

FIRST TRAMP.—If dere ain't no way of gittin' dat bottle we might jes' as well move along.

SECOND TRAMP.—Dat's right! Ef we stay here we'll have to go t'roo de anguish
of seein' him takin' a drink.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

FASHION
AND
DIVORCE.

THE PREACHER who lately urged Society to frown upon divorced people must be a man of strange ingenuousness for this day. The Church can do nothing to stem the epidemic of divorce, he is reported to have said in substance; but if you people of society will ostracize these male and female home-wreckers divorce will cease. The argument was winsomely child-like. It was as if he had addressed an assemblage of burglars, saying: "The only way to stop the crime so prevalent among you is to make it unfashionable. If you gentlemen will hereafter refuse to recognize as belonging to your set any one that has been found guilty of burglary, reform will come at once." We have read other homilies on this divorce question that were but little less rational.

In PUCK's own humble view there is but one way to correct the divorce evil, and that is to correct the marriage evil. So long as the girl is brought up, as she undeniably is to-day, and more especially in the set called "smart," to believe that the end of marriage is material luxury, and that the most desirable husband for her, therefore, is the man, regardless of moral worth or personal adaptability, who has the most money, there will be divorce and its high-smelling scandals. So long as there is buying and selling in marriage there will be revoking of bad bargains,—revoking both unofficial and official.

The fault does not lie with the actors before us on the stage, but with the mothers who trained them to make "good" marriages. What a commentary it is upon our civilization that a "good" marriage means no more than that one or the other of the parties has brought money to the alliance! The woman who sells herself to one man is on a moral level with the woman who sells herself to a hundred. When the fashionable mother learns this truth and teaches it to her daughter there will be fewer misfit marriages. In the meantime we are not sure that such parodies of marriage as they are trained to make are not the better broken off at the first

CONVENTION.

Toward mountain or sea or inland lake
He relivedly turns his face,—
"To escape this stifling convention!" he says,—
And carries a dress-suit case.

POOR OMAR!

"She's forever talking about 'Omer Cayam!" sneered the other woman.
"Omer! The idea of being American-born and getting so English that she does n't sound her h's!"

IT MUST be confessed that Aguinaldo is harder to catch than the Spanish fleet.

WE SUPPOSE it is better, after all, that a comet destroy us than that it be left to the corset and cigarette.

opportunity. We do not see what would point more significantly to the root of the evil.

QUIT
BLUFFING.

IN ALL the fury and clashing of epithets now coming from the Trust hunters, is it not strange that not one of them has yet offered a law that would destroy their pet prey? Mr. Bryan and his lieutenants are daily frothing at the mouth because of the Trust's iniquities, and they are going to denounce Trusts in their platform and wage a campaign upon that issue. But why is it that they do not come out with a draft of the law they propose to enact when they come into power? If the Trust is what they say it is, a criminal conspiracy, a law to suppress it ought at least to be easy to frame; not easy to pass, perhaps, for Mr. Bryan would say that the bribery of the monopolists might retard that. But surely no monopolist has money enough to prevent Mr. Bryan from disclosing the anti-Trust law he would pass if he had the chance; and surely, too, he would strengthen his cause immeasurably if he would out with it. If he does not feel equal to the task himself, or feels that he can do his cause more good by the vague denunciation for which he has so rare a gift, let him deputize one of the eminent jurists among his supporters to perform it.

What is wanted is a plain, simple law that will meet the evil and vanquish it. The state of a good part of the public mind regarding Trusts is unquestionably hostile; but anti-Trust laws have thus far been so ridiculously inadequate that people are beginning to look into the matter and to inquire if any one can really do anything about them. They are doubtful and suspicious. If Mr. Bryan would submit an anti-Trust law to the people that a plain, ordinary citizen could not see large holes in, he would undoubtedly increase his following by thousands of voters who are now convinced, because of the fogginess of his talk, that he can do nothing practical.

The problem is easily stated: there must be a law that will limit the amount of money that a corporation may devote to its business; a law that would permit Mr. Russell Sage, for example, to invest fifty million dollars in a business enterprise and yet prohibit ten men with five million dollars each from combining their capitals to the same end. That the constitution of the United States guarantees to the individual the right to invest an unlimited capital in any lawful business, not even the Trust-hunters will deny; and, oddly enough, in their efforts up to date to prevent two or more men from combining their capitals, they have run up against the same document. The laws they have framed have been full of ingenious phrases about "combinations in restraint of competition," but the trouble has been that as soon as they were examined they were found to deny a man's natural right to sell what he has to sell and to buy what he has the money to pay for. There has been no anti-Trust law, even so much as suggested that did not also reach the farmer, the laborer and the shoe-string merchant on the sidewalk. This, then, is Mr. Bryan's urgent duty: to get before the people an anti-Trust law that will not prevent a farmer from buying his neighbor's farm or from holding his wheat for a good price, nor prevent two or more laborers from agreeing not to sell their labor under a certain price.

ONE ONE.

In the marvelous time of
1.01
No races have been won.
There have been quite a few
Who have won in 1.02;
But no one has won in 1.01.

THE REAL QUESTION.

"Shall we prolong the struggle?" asked Aguinaldo, the council of war having come to order.

"Our hearts are in it!" exclaimed all of the thirty-seven generals of his staff.

"Ay! but are we in it?" faltered the dictator, tears springing to his eyes.

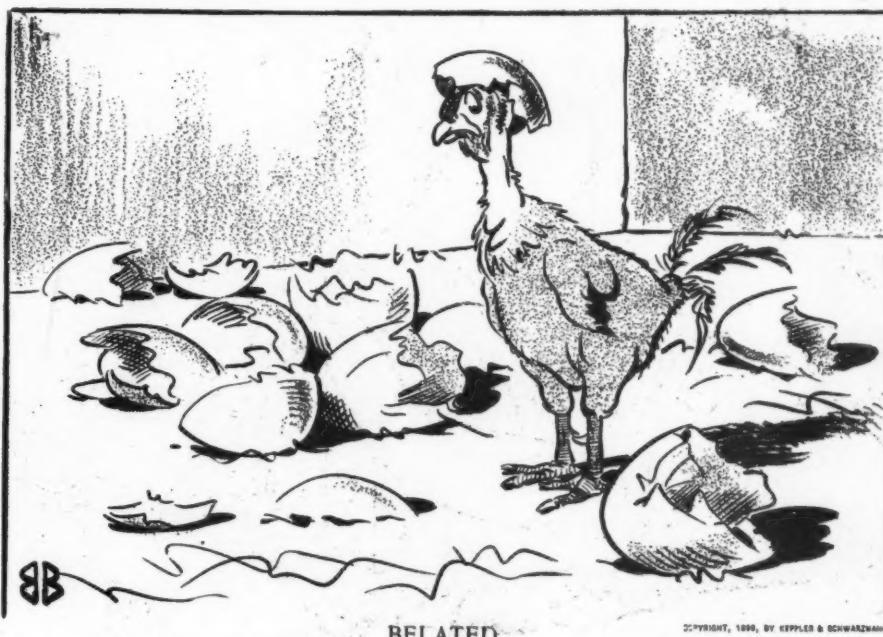
WHEN THE office seeks the man it is apt to be held up on the way.

WHAT CAN'T be cured must be endured; but nothing else should be endured.

LARGE CHICKEN (emerging from shell).—Humph! It strikes me I missed my cue!

BELATED.

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AN UNEQUAL CONTEST; THEY CAN



THEY CAN FIND NO FLAW IN HIS ARMOR.

J. OTTMAR LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

MR. J. BULL UNIONJACK'S LETTER TO LONDON.
ON THE SAMOAN QUESTION.



ERE WON'T be no more trouble in Samoa," said Schwarzenkopf, dogmatically.

"I dunno," said Mulligan. "May be it's the kyam before the stor-rm. But jist now it luks as if the British intrigues to get two fri'ndly nations into a bloody foight have completely and entoirely failed."

"British intrigues?" said I, scornfully.

"British intrigues, no less," repeated Mulligan. "Here's wan or more oislands out in the Atlantic — the Pacific, is it? — well, what the devil difference does it make, annyhow? — inhabited be savages or barbarians or naygurs or somethin', an' there's two candidates for king; an' they moight be candidates for the Legislathur on our own tickets for anything the gin'ral public knows or cares about ayther av thim. Now what the devil wud Jarmany an' the United Shtates be quarrelin' about which naygur'd git the job for if it was n't for British intrigues?"

"Der young feller vot der Chief Justice recognized," said Schwarzenkopf, "is gettin' a hundred und feisty tollars a mont' for bein' king; und if dot is all der chob is worth it is n't worth fighding aboud."

"It certainly is n't," said I; "but all England wants is the enforcement of the Berlin Treaty. It was agreed that if a dispute arose over an election it should be referred to the Supreme Court, and the Chief Justice decided in favor of Malietoa."

"Then, be all manes, let him have it," said Mulligan. "It's throu, the vote was six to wan in favor av the other man, but Oi suppose it's in Samoa loike in Texas — the colored vote don't count unliess it's cast for the roight candidate."

"He was n't eligible," said I.

"Vot does dot mean?" asked Schwarzenkopf.

"It manes," explained Mulligan, "thot he was vict'rous at the proimaries, an' thriumphant at the polls, but the Canvassin' Board counted him out."

"Let him shtay oud," said Schwarzenkopf. "Chermay would be very foolish to fighd mit der United Shtates apout him."

"Very foolish, indade," said Mulligan. "An' if she wants to foight wid England, let her foight about somethin' else where the United Shtates is n't tangled up in it an' can shtan' by an' watch wid intherest the walopin' av her ancient inimy."

"You think Germany would win, do you?" I asked.

"Whin she foights England she'll win," said Mulligan, confidently.

"Wan av the nixt big wars is as loike as not to be between them two. 'T will not be to-day nor to-morra. The Jarman is not loike the Frinch nor the Oirish — whin they begin that war they'll be ready for it. Sure, they're foightin' the English now for thrade in all par-ts av the wur-ruld — an' batin' them, thank God! Oi used to think there niver was droyer radin' than shtatistics av imports an' exports an' sich, but now whin Oi tek up the paper an' see a long table av figures showin' how the Amerikins an' Jarman is pushin' their goods into all par-ts av the globe an' elbowin' the British out av thrade that they wanst had all to thimselves — My! Oh, my! but it's as intherestin' as a novel! An' them same Jarman has an ar-rmy — well, ye English can thank yershtars thot the salt wather won't let it at ye! An' they have a navy thot's shmall, but wanst they mek up their moinds to foight the English, the way thot navy'll grow'll keep yez awake noights



HOW IT LOOKED.

ETHEL.— What foolish things a young man will do when he is in love!
EDITH (breathlessly).— O Ethel! Has he proposed?



CRIMINAL NEWS.

MRS. ISAACS (reading).— "Loss den thousand tollars — no inzurance!"

• MR. ISAACS.— Rachel! How can you pe so careless as to read a criminal news-item like dot out loud ven der children are presend?

worryin' about it. Sure, they're the most larned an' scientific people on the face av the airth! They have professors be the hundred wid long whiskers an' shpectacles, that shpends their toime from mornin' till noight — yis, an' till the next mornin' — shtudying about X-rays, an' microbes an' things, an' whin there's enough av thim tur-rnin' their attintion to buildin' a big navy — faith, they'll tur-rn out battleships an' cruisers an' torpedo boats an' dynnymite boats an' submarine boats an' war balloons till the hair av the British nation'll shtand on ind. Faith, for anything ye can say to the contrairy, they may be shtayin' up noights planning the conquist av England now. Who knows but to-morka or nixt day ye may hear that they have a schame to build a tunnel under the wather an' land the entoire Jarman ar-rmy in England an' capture London in a jiffy? Manny's the toime the Frinch talked av that same, but some day the Jarman'll do it. An' whin they do, all Oireland'll rise up an' shout, 'Jarmany go Bragh!' Av coarse, whin it comes to the p'int av foighin', England, as loike as not, 'll back down —"

At this point I left the room indignantly. I did n't care to have another personal altercation with Mulligan, and a dignified retirement was the only way to avoid one.

A CHOICE.



NOW, SOME, dear lady, would choose that you
(An' the choosing were theirs)
Should bring them suddenly into view
When your ladyship fares
Adown the lane for to take the air,
That they might walk as your escort there.

I know another who would elect
That the meeting should be
On horseback such morning you may select
But a groom's company,
So he could gallop away with you —
And he would choose with a wisdom, too!

Here's one who wishes you pass that way.
As you wander the links,
When he delivers a smashing play;
While another one thinks
'T were best you chanced to discover him
At just the moment your book lacked vim.

For each encounter have some a voice,
But with none I agree;
For if, dear lady, I have my choice,
You shall suddenly see
It is I who am standing awaiting you there
In the castle you've builded upon the air!

Layton Brewer.

A VEGETARIAN NOW.

NANNIE GOAT (*in surprise*).—Why don't you partake
of some of these nice cans?

BILLY GOAT.—I never touch them any more! I was
mascot of a regiment during the war and ate a canned-meat
can one day.

NO EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION.

TEACHER.—What can you tell me about Alfred
the Great?

JOHNNY FLIP.—Only just what's in the book,
Ma'am.

A FIRM BELIEVER.

MOSE, JR.—Pop, do yo' b'leev it am bad luck to
walk unner a ladder?

MOSE, SR.—'Deed I do! I'd ruther fall off'n er
ladder enny day dan walk unner it!

TWO OF THEM.

She says she has more than one string to her bow,
As lightly she dances and sings;
And the truth of her statement I very well know,
For he's tied to her apron strings.

A DISCUSSION.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Why, that candidate of yours is
nothing but a whitened sepulchre!
SECOND CITIZEN.—Oh! he is n't half as black as he's painted.



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SUITED HIM.

UNCLE HIRAM.—Talk about popular airs! This machine plays
about the most popular airs I know on when the thermometer is
ninety-six in the shade!

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE.

MISS DAISY FLITTERS (*who reads romances*).—Thank you very
much for your invitation, Mr. Green; but, really, I can't go with you to
the picnic without a chaperon.

JAY GREEN (*who does n't, but who possesses considerable horse-sense*).—What's a chaperon?

MISS DAISY FLITTERS.—An older lady, whose presence serves to
preserve the proprieties.

JAY GREEN.—Huh! Don't be a ninny, Daisy! If you're afraid of
me, for goodness's sake carry a hatchet!

ON A LARGER SCALE.

ISAACS.—Ven I first knowed you, you vos a shtruggling young veller!
COHENSTEIN.—Vell, dot's vot I'm doing now, only I'm shtruggling
for bigger moneysh.

THE RAIN descends upon the just and the unjust; but the just sometimes
have rheumatism to admonish them of what is coming.



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NOT FLATTERED.

LIZ.—Dere was an old feller wit' long hair what told Jimmy he'd be
an artist some day.

MAG.—Dat must have made Jimmy feel good.

LIZ.—No; it did n't. He tinks he's an artist now.

CRITICISM.

"I'm afraid," said the editor, "this language is a little strong. You
call the other faction pirates and cut-throats."

"That's just what they are!" spoke up the assistant.

"I know," said the editor; "but I don't think it's diplomatic to say
so in an article entitled, 'A Plea for Harmony.'"

WHY HE THOUGHT SO.

SUBURBANITE.—The man who lives in that house has money to burn.

CITY FRIEND.—Eccentric, eh?

SUBURBANITE.—No. How did you get that idea?

CITY FRIEND.—Why, he lives here when he could afford to live
somewhere else!

THE CHIEF business of some theologians seems to be to cut the Lord's
vineyard all up with partition fences.

DON'T TALK all the time or you may miss hearing some gossip that
would lend spice to your subsequent conversation.

TRUTH, crushed to earth, does n't get half so angry about it as the man
whose silk hat is accidentally subjected to similar treatment.

THE BEER
THAT MADE
MILWAUKEE
FAMOUS

AT MANILA

When two hundred and nineteen carloads of Schlitz beer were shipped to Manila, the world wondered. What industry was this that shipped its product by a mile and a half of trains to that remote spot?

Yet that enterprise has been repeated a hundred times over. Wherever civilization has gone, Schlitz beer has followed. Agencies for it have for twenty years been established in many of the farthest parts of the earth.

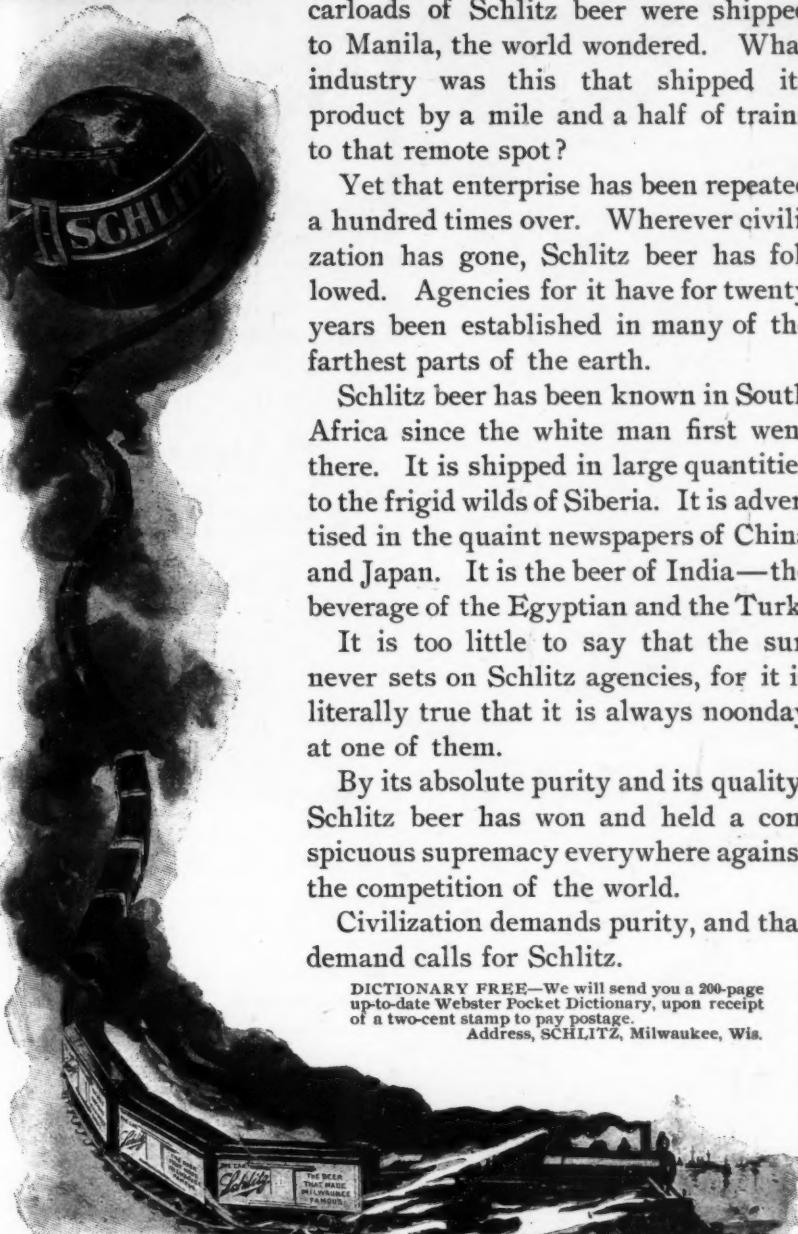
Schlitz beer has been known in South Africa since the white man first went there. It is shipped in large quantities to the frigid wilds of Siberia. It is advertised in the quaint newspapers of China and Japan. It is the beer of India—the beverage of the Egyptian and the Turk.

It is too little to say that the sun never sets on Schlitz agencies, for it is literally true that it is always noonday at one of them.

By its absolute purity and its quality, Schlitz beer has won and held a conspicuous supremacy everywhere against the competition of the world.

Civilization demands purity, and that demand calls for Schlitz.

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Address, SCHLITZ, Milwaukee, Wis.



YOUNGPOL'S ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

"Charley Youngpol's baby is beginning to talk now."

"Has Charley been boring you with stories about it?"

"No; but I sat near him at the lunch-counter to-day and I heard him say absent-mindedly to the waiter-girl: 'Dimme a jinky water, p'lease.' — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

THE most sensible woman will "put on" a little before a preacher.—*Aikison Globe*.

What is Your Work?
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GHOSTS AND SOCIETY GHOSTS.

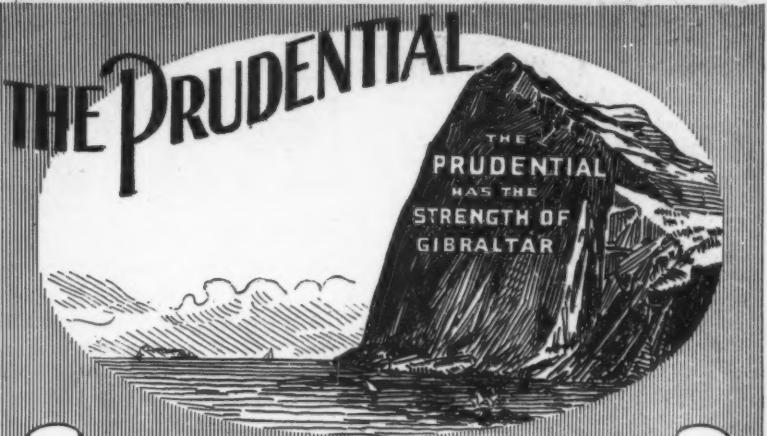
"Are n't your Psychical Research club meetings very dull, Miss Priscilla?"

"No; you see, we always wind up with a pillow-case masquerade and dance." — *Detroit Free Press*.

YEAST.—What makes you think the fellow is up-to-date?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Why, when he wants to say "No" he says "Nein! Nein!" — *Yonkers Statesman*.

INQUIRING BOY TO HIS MOTHER.—Ma, what did the moths eat before Adam and Eve wore clothes.—*Harper's Bazaar*.



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BOKER'S BITTERS

Quickly Cure Stomach Troubles, brought on by Heat and Overwork.



AT THE CLUB.

MR. BLACK (sarcastically).—I s'pose yo' t'ink yo' know as much about 'kyards as Hoyle?
MR. JOHNSON (confidently).—Wal, I spec' I done opened as many jack-pots as he ebbah did.

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and Positive Preventive of Baldness.

Essentially an Ideal HAIR TONIC for LADIES, as it is free from all oily or fatty substances. Invented by Dr. P.J. EICHHOFF, Professor of Dermatology, Elberfeld, Germany. Send for instructive pamphlet on treatment of the HAIR.

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with
Absolute
Purity

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THE HAND-ORGAN BALL.



HEN Twilight her soft robe of shadow spreads down
And hushed is the roar and the din,
When Evening is cooling the sweltering town,
T is then that the frolics begin;
And up in dim "Finnegan's Court," on the pavement,
Shut in by the loom of the tenement's wall,
'Neath the swinging arc-light, on a warm Summer's night,
They gather to dance at the hand-organ ball.

T is not a society function, you see,
But quite an informal affair;
The costumes are varied, yet simple and free,
And gems are exceedingly rare;
The ladies are gowned in their calicos, fetching,
And coatless and cool are the gentlemen, all,
In a jacket, they say, one's not rated *au fait*
By the finicky guests at the hand-organ ball.

There's Ikey, the newsboy, and "Muggsy" who "shines";
There's Beppo who peddles "banan";
There's A. Lincoln Johnson, whose "Pa" kalsomines —
His skin has a very deep tan; —
There's Rosy, the cash girl, and Mame who ties bundles,
And Maggie who works in the factory, tall;
She's much in demand, for she "pivots so grand," —
She's really the belle of the hand-organ ball.

Professor Spaghetti the music supplies,
From his hurdy-gurdy the waltz is sublime;
His fair daughter Rosa, whose tambourine flies,
Is merrily thumping the rollicking time;
The Widow McCann pats the tune with her slipper,
The peanut-man hums as he peers from his stall,
And officer Quinn for a moment looks in
To see the new steps at the hand-organ ball.

The concert-hall tune echos down the dark street,
The mothers lean out from the windows to see,
While soft sounds the pat of the dancers' bare feet
And tenement babies crow loud in their glee;
And labor-worn fathers are laughing and chatting, —
Forgot for an hour is grim poverty's thrall;
There's joy here to-night, 'neath the swinging arc-light,
In "Finnegan's Court," at the hand-organ ball.

Joe Lincoln.

WHEN A man's wife goes away for the Summer he has to fall back on the newspapers for local news.



WHERE THE TROUBLE LAY.

CLANCY.—Oi see a Pennsylvania joodge siz a man has a roight to lick his wif'e!

CASEY.—Phwat dom nonsince! He hoz a roight to lick Jim Jeffries, too, if he can!

"Good old Ramblers"

The old timers among cyclists, who have gone through the whole experimental stage of "wheel trying" and "wheel buying," generally feel secure and settled with

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Put up in convenient sized key-opening cans.

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when
you do
and don't
lose
their
stretch
as others
do. ~

Trousers cannot sag nor Buttons pull off. The Patent elastic cord makes Chester's the on'y reliable cord end suspenders. Faultless in style. Guaranteed for service.

The "Endwell" model at 50 cts. The C. S. C. at 25 cts. Sample Pairs post-paid on receipt of price. Send Fastener free to purchasers who also send name of their furnisher who does not keep them.

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Ralston Health Shoes For Men.



TRADE MARK The principal feature of this shoe is comfort, and style is not neglected. Ask your dealer for them, or send to factory for a pair.

Price, \$4.00.
RALSTON HEALTH SHOE MAKERS,
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BAD FOR GEORGIA.

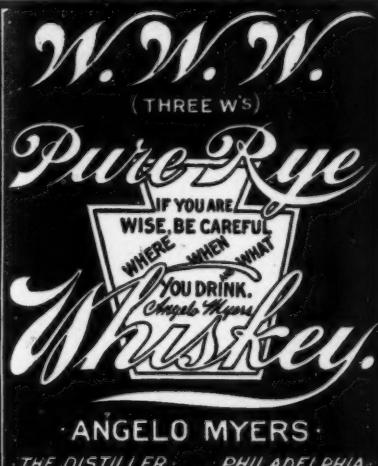
MR. GOTHAM.—I see that a new law in Georgia prohibits the sale of liquor within three miles of a church or a schoolhouse.

COL. KAINTUCK (*of Louisville*).—My stars! That's a terrible blow to Georgia!

MR. GOTHAM.—Think so?

MR. KAINTUCK.—Mercy, yes! In five years there won't be a church or a schoolhouse left in the State. —*New York Weekly*.

—WISDOM—



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As well in inventor's skill.
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To recommend it with good will.

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JINGLE.—To-day I saw a man raising a glass of beer to his lips. I called to him to stop, spoke three words to him, and instead of drinking it, he dashed it to the ground, splintering the glass into a thousand pieces.

MINGLE.—My stars! You must be a second John B. Gough for eloquence. What did you say to him?

JINGLE.—I said, "That's non-union beer." —*N.Y. Weekly*.

SOME preachers aim to make plain things mysterious, instead of making mysteries plain. —*Ram's Horn*.

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EXTRAVAGANCE.

MR. BLACK.—Sam spen's all his money on clothes.

MR. JOHNSON (*pityingly*).—Yes; he nebbah has a cent ter play policy.

"Be gay and happy still"—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, gives the health that insures happiness. Test the best tonic. All druggists and grocers.

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TO SPECULATORS — IS YOUR BROKER HONEST? If you don't know, we do. For list of alleged bucket shops, bankers and brokers, send 10 cts. to Pubs. "ON CHANGE," 40 Broad St., New York. Special report on broker, \$2.00; collection a specialty.

NEVER THOUGHT OF ROUNDS.

"That fellow laid for him," said the man who had been reading the sporting news, "and gave him a solar plexus blow in the fourth."

"Why can't you be more explicit?" asked the professional pugilist, languidly. "How am I to know whether you mean the fourth paragraph, the fourth chapter or the fourth act?" —*Washington Star*.

The quality of friendship is so steadfast, so beautiful and so holy that it will last a lifetime if not asked to lend money.—*Princeton Tiger*.

You throw away half

your cigar—half the time! Why not get the full benefit of what you pay for?

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AFTER THE MASQUERADE.
"Old Perkins made the hit of the evening."
"How?"
"Why, he was the only man who did n't look uncomfortable."

THE trouble with the average business woman is that she studied stenography the same way as she used to study music, and knows just about as much about it. —*Atchison Globe*.

TEDDY (who has just begun to go to school).—Papa, do you know what six boys and five girls make?
"Yes," answered his father; "a racket." —*Harper's Bazaar*.

MEN who expect to be patted on the back for simply doing their duty are mighty risky things to bet on. —*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

Inebriety—A Disease.

Inebriety, Morphine and other Drug habits are dependent upon a diseased condition of the nervous system. The victim of the disease again and again puts forth the most heroic efforts to reform, but his disease is too absolutely overpowering to be conquered by resolutions. The will-power he would exercise if he could no longer supreme. Alcoholic stimulants have so congested the delicate nerve cells that they cannot respond to the performance of their functional duties, and the helplessness of the victim's condition is inexplicable to himself as it seems inexcusable to his friends.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. It cures by removing the cause. The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

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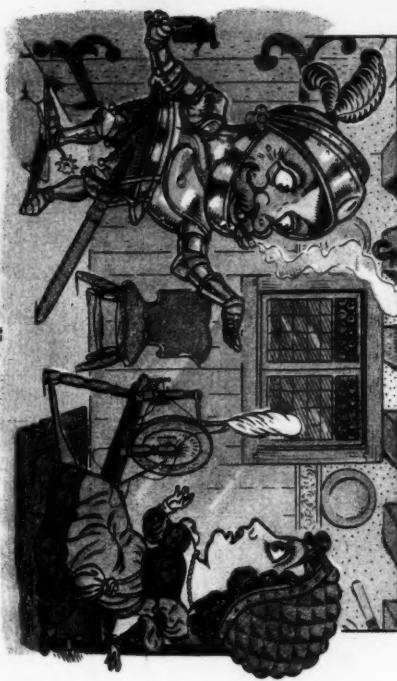
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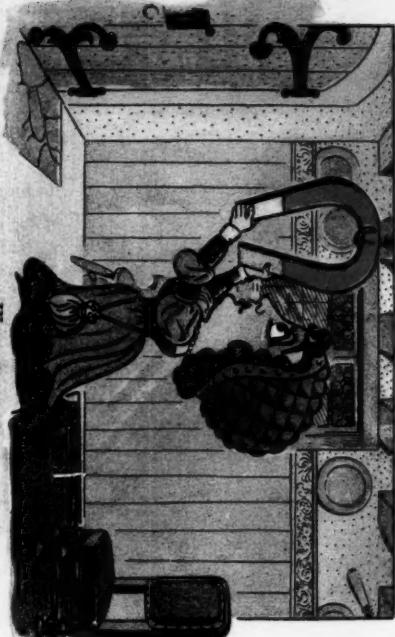
SIR HAROLD HOOPER.—By my halidom ! Thou sayest I should stay in o' nights ! That I should not go to the club ! Gads forsooth ! I will go to-night ! I will go every night ! Then canst not keep me at home !



"Hark ye, fair Dame ! To show ye how weak and feeble thou art against my will, I will make thee a wager. If thou, of thine own ability, can keep me home one night, I will forewear my club and forever remain home with thee. Ta-ta !"



DAME HOOPER.—I will take him up on that. He never breaks his word. Keep him in one night is all I have to do. But how ? Ah ! that poor traveler whom we took in the other night left in his room a wonderful invention. I will try that to-morrow night.

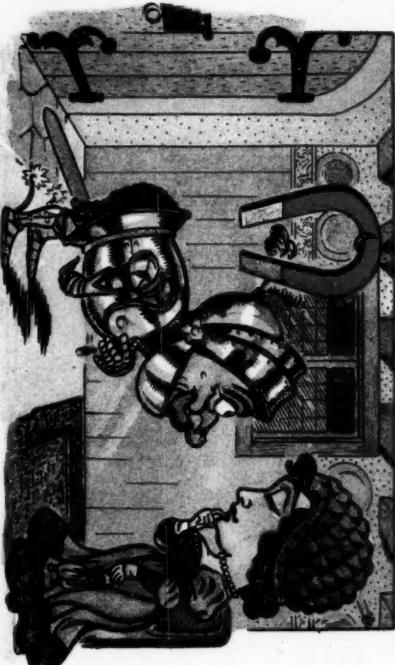


IV.
(*The next night*).—“Here it is !” A magnet he calls it. It has a wondrous and mysterious power. Sir Harold is now preparing to go out to-night, as usual. I will hang it up on this hook, and when he comes out his room keep his attention fixed on me and await developments.

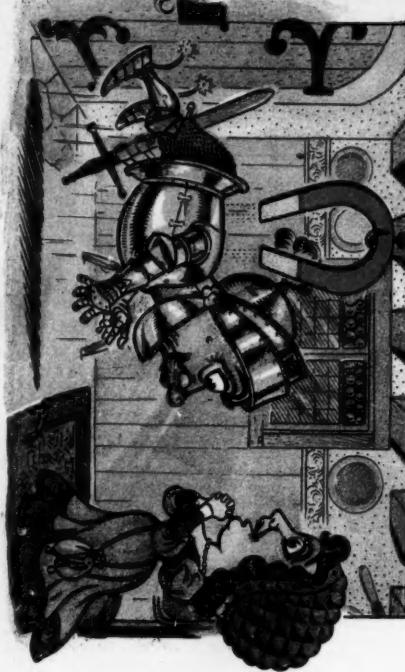


V.
“Now, keep thine eye fixed upon me, Sir Harold ! Dost thou still reiterate thy vow of last night ?”

SIR HAROLD.—Didst thou ever know me to break my vow ?



VI.
Making a cowardly bow.—“But, fair Dame, thou wilt never win that wager. I will go out and thou canst not stop —



VII.
DAME HOOPER.—No, my dear. I cannot let thee down. If I did, thou wouldst go out to-night and then I would lose the wager ! Stay thou there, my brave one, until the rising of the sun. This week woman will sit here and keep thee company.



IX.
And they lived happy ever after.